

## FOLK'S MESSAGE

EXTRA SESSION OF THE MISSOURI ASSEMBLY CONVENES.

### Governor Recommends New Laws

Directs the Attention of the Assembly to Six Specific Subjects.

Jefferson City.—The forty-fourth General Assembly convened in extraordinary session at noon Tuesday. Following the reading of Gov. Folk's messages setting forth the object of the call, both houses adjourned until Wednesday.

The Governor directed the attention of the Assembly to six subjects, namely:

1. The enactment of a law giving St. Louis, among other municipalities, the right to regulate the rates charged by public service corporations.

2. An amendment to the race-track gambling law to prohibit the telephoning or telegraphing of bets on horse races, with an emergency clause. A bill without the emergency clause was passed at the first session, but the announced intention of the St. Louis race track men to carry on their operations until that law shall become effective prompts the executive to urge immediate action at this time.

3. The passage of a law empowering the Governor to direct the Attorney General to institute before the Supreme Court proceedings against negligent county officials.

4. The passage of a general appropriation bill, to take the place of the one recently enacted which is held to be invalid because of legal defects.

5. Home rule in the conduct of the police and election department of St. Louis, Kansas City, and St. Joseph.

6. An act creating the office of State Excise Commissioner, with power of review vested in the Circuit Courts. Existing law relates only to St. Louis.

The Governor's Message.

The following is a partial text of Gov. Folk's message:

"The forty-fourth General Assembly of Missouri, in regular session, accomplished much for the people of the State. The members of this assembly are entitled to praise for what they have enacted, but the work is not yet finished. There is more to be done. Believing that special measures of grave importance to the people are ever to be made laws, they will be by this assembly when they are considered apart from the multitude of duties and distractions incident to a general session. I have called you together in special session. It is your province to legislate, and I would not if I could interfere with your prerogative in that respect. It is my duty, however, to submit and urge upon you my views on public questions, for you to adopt or not, as in your conscience you may deem best for the people. I am answerable to the people for my recommendations. You are answerable to the people for your legislation.

Local Self-Government.

"The subject of this session have to do with government and with the enforcement of the laws, which is the main purpose of government among a free people. Under our form of government the State is sovereign as to all matters except those delegated to the national Government. The right of the State to self-government should be zealously guarded from encroachments of the Federal Government beyond the powers expressly delegated to it by the States.

What State Could Do.

"What is self-government? Is it that law-breakers in localities who openly are permitted to defy the laws of the State should not be interfered with by the State? This is local nullification; it is not self-government. The right of local self-government is the right of a locality to enforce the State laws through its local officials. But when these officials cannot or will not enforce the laws there is no longer local self-government. If highway robbers and marauders were permitted to operate at will in any county without interference it could not be said that the people of the county have local self-government, for they in the case mentioned would have no government at all. If the State authorities should step in and uphold the majesty of the law in that county it would not be interfering with local self-government there, but rather would be restoring local self-government.

Receiver Relieved.

Atlanta, Ga.—Judge Newman in the United States district court, Monday issued an order relieving J. T. Dargan, president of the Atlanta & Birmingham Fire Insurance Co., from further connection with the receivership of the company. H. C. Sexton is made sole receiver. Judge Newman also granted a petition asking that all charges reflecting upon the character of President Dargan be stricken from petitions filed some time ago.

Gov. Hanly Sinks.

Indianapolis.—Gov. Hanley's condition has taken a turn for the worse. The family physician, Dr. Goar, called into consultation Tuesday Dr. Simon P. Sherer, stomach specialist, and strict orders were given that the governor should remain in bed at least three weeks.

To Penitentiary for Forgery.

Kansas City, Mo.—Fred Klages, who when arrested, gave his name as Coridon, was sentenced to the state penitentiary for five years.

Greek Consul Arrested.

Lowell, Mass.—Michael Iatro, the Greek consul here, was arrested Monday night by United States officers on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the importation of Greeks into this country.

Schooner Goes Ashore.

Norfolk, Va.—The schooner Laura L. Sprague, Capt. Pierce, of Marblehead, Mass., ran ashore off Cracoke inlet Sunday. She is of 564 net tonnage and carries a crew of six or seven men.

ernment by destroying local lawlessness.

Public Utilities.

"One of the subjects, local in its nature, is that of rates charged by public utilities. In furtherance of the principal of local self-government, I believe that the municipalities of the State should have power to fix reasonable rates to be charged by public service corporations. The corporation is a fixture in our modern life. It is entitled to fair treatment the same as individuals; no more, and no less. But it should be required to treat the people fairly. With the enormous growth of public service corporations, controlling monopolies, it has become necessary for some governmental agency to regulate their charges in order to prevent extortion from the public. This should be done, not with a view of injuring the corporations controlling such monopolies, but merely to secure justice to the public.

Asks Racing Amendment.

"Some time last year the Supreme Court decided the act of the forty-third General Assembly did not apply to bookmakers telephoning their bets out of the State to be registered. This ruling, as I pointed out to you at the regular session, practically nullified the statute, as each bookmaker under it needs only to add a telephone to his other paraphernalia running to East St. Louis, Ill., or Kansas City, Kas., to defeat the law. I recommend to you the enactment of a statute, making it a felony to register a bet upon a horse race, either on a blackboard or other substance, or to telephone a bet on a horse race to any other State to be registered there, or to use any instrument or device to accomplish the registration of bets. This statute was passed, but the emergency clause was overlooked, so that it will not go into effect until June 14 of this year. Within a few hours after the adjournment of the regular session the race-track gamblers announced that the race-track would be opened and gambling on races permitted this spring. Their preparations, to reap a crooked harvest were checked by the call for this special session, which included this subject.

The Saloon and the Law.

"The liquor traffic should be regulated by strict laws and those laws vigorously enforced. We need a law prohibiting brewers and distillers having an interest in dramshops. The criminal saloons are often the brewery-owned saloons. Competition between breweries compels them to take a low class of men and set them up in business. These men have no sense of proprietorship or pride in running a decent place and these saloons often become dens of vice and lawlessness. Effective local option laws for counties, towns and cities should be enacted.

The State Control Law.

"Why is it that the plea of local self-government was not set up against the State regulating the mines, the railroads, the insurance companies, the banks, the dentists, the barbers, the bee hives? It is only when the saloons and gambling interests are sought to be brought within the law that local self-government is invoked. At the regular session of this Assembly laws were enacted placing all the banks of the State under the control of a banking commissioner; putting the bee hives under the State Inspector of Apiaries; placing the roads under the supervision of the State Highway Engineer; providing for a State Game Warden to enforce the laws to protect the birds of the air and the fish that swim in the water; providing for State control for the weighing of grain in all public warehouses; making food-stuffs subject to the inspection of the State Food Commissioner. There was nothing heard about self-government when these were being considered. But when it is urged that the State have some authority to enforce its laws against the liquor interests the situation in the minds of some assumes a different aspect, and the cry of self-government is raised, although real self-government is in no way affected by the excise law.

May Cite Other Matters.

"These are the only subjects embraced in the call convening this session. During our deliberations occasion may arise to submit other matters, but this will not be done unless I consider them of such grave importance as to demand attention at once, for I realize after your arduous labors of the regular session it would be imposing a hardship on you to bring your attention to other than measures of vital consequence.

Killed in Front of Station.

Jackson, Miss.—Harry Little, 21 years old, a fireman for the Illinois Central Railroad, met death in front of the Union Depot this morning. He was coupling the engine to a train when four coaches passed over his body.

Columbus, O., Has Fire.

Columbus, O.—Fire, which broke out at 2:30 a. m. destroyed the Dispatch buildings in this city, causing a total loss of \$250,000.

Contracts Suspended.

Scottsboro, Ala.—Large contracts of the Southern railway in northern Alabama and southern Tennessee are being suspended, including the tunnel through Lookout mountain at Cummins gap.

Negro Murderer Captured.

Houston, Tex.—News was received here Sunday night that Sonny Jones, a jealous negro, shot and mortally wounded his wife near Wharton Lake Saturday evening. He then killed her mother.

Robbed of \$500.

St. Louis—Thomas Schick, 29 years old, has reported to the police that he was dragged into a vacant lot at Pestalozzi street and Virginia avenue by two men at 11 p. m. Monday.

The Missouri Has Mishaps.

San Diego.—The American-Hawaiian liner Missouri arrived Monday, 54 days from New York. She had several mishaps on the voyage, including the loss of two small boats.

## WHAT THE FROGS HEARD

By WILL W. WHALEN.

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It was six o'clock on a June morning. His freight had now come to the top of the heavy Locust Summit grade; and as he stood on the roof of a box car he saw a girl kneeling at an open upstairs window in the house adjoining the station. Her head lay on her hands; a few of her curls hung out over the window-ledge and waved in the breeze. Ben got off the car and stood looking up at her. This chance perhaps Fortune herself had put in his way. How often he had watched those black curls through the station window, when he chanced to be there, and Cora Goyne was in sight! Yet she had never seen him. He gave a shrill whistle.

Could anything be prettier than that round, dimpled, sleepy dark face which started up from the window-sill, the eyes bright from sleep, the hair gracefully disordered? For a second or two she was bewildered. She looked down, and saw an engine and train standing—and something else; a brakeman, cap in hand, looking up into her face.

For only an instant she gazed at him; then, with a little cry of mortification, leaped away from the window and disappeared from his view. But in that instant, she had, with a woman's facility, noted how yellow his hair and mustache were, how big and blue his eyes, how brawny his shoulders, and how handsome his face.

That was their introduction. They became lovers. Every day Ben's train stopped at Locust Summit, and every day Cora made it a point to meet him; sometimes for only a word, sometimes for a prolonged conversation. His southern heart yearned towards this lovely bit of northern womanhood. He brought her novels; she loved to read, and had few books.

"You see," she said, "uncle and aunt are not hard on me. They have but one child, and so I am not

obliged to work very much; I have lots of leisure."

"And your father?"

"Roaming the country somewhere. Mother's death, five years ago, broke him up so that he's not like himself any more, poor fellow."

It was a night in July. Ben's train was waiting for orders. He and his sweetheart were conversing in low tones, as they walked up and down the railroad.

So you liked 'The Last of the Mohicans'?"

"Yes, very much; but I should have liked the story better had Maj. Heyward married Cora and not Alice."

"That is just what I liked about it. No wonder Maj. Heyward was disgusted with Cora when her father told him of her birth."

"Her birth? I don't understand."

"Why, her mother was a creole, or something; there was a trace of negro or Indian blood in Cora, faint perhaps, but there for all that."

The girl trembled and grew pale to the lips. He felt her quiver on his arm. "Surely you are not chills to-night; why shiver?"

She was taken unawares, but her answer shed only a faint light on her thoughts. "What a coincidence that my name is Cora too!" she blurted out.

He laughed. "I don't see anything much in that; there are many Coras, and no wonder, for the name is so pretty."

"But you would not have married Cora had you been Maj. Heyward, even if you loved her as dearly as he loved Alice?"

"Why don't you say, as dearly as I love you, you puss. I could not have loved Cora, once I knew of her parentage. But what a peculiar question! Come, let's dismiss the subject, it is near train time, and I

have something far more important to say; a question to ask of you, something that means a great deal to me."

A whistle from the engine. His arms slipped about her and he kissed her lips; a warm kiss full of love, a kiss Cora carried for ever in her memory.

"Be my wife, dearest; say yes."

No sound from her colorless lips. He pressed her again to him. "You little goose, I thought I knew you, but now I see that no man can ever understand a woman. Who'd think you so shy? Well, the answer to-morrow."

He bounded across the rails, a spring, he climbed the side of a house car; stood on the top, cap in hand, the moonlight falling on his yellow hair; a kiss from the tips of his fingers, then the train rolled by, and Cora was alone.

She looked at the green waters of the swamp, whence came the so-northern voices of the frogs.

"Oh, if I had never met him!" she cried, in so low a tone that only the frogs heard her. "And now to give him up! Was it your fault, mother dear, that your mother was a mulatto? Was it a sin, a disgrace? Were not you and your mother much better than many of those cold white women whose blood is not tainted like yours, but whose hearts are foul and corrupt, as yours was not? But why should I tell Ben? He need never know. Still how can I deceive such a man? But I will. Let him make me his wife; I love him; why should I ruin my life?"

Was there in the music of the frogs any note that caused her to shudder so?

But, oh, I cannot, I will not deceive him; if he looked at me with his honest eyes, I could not. Good-bye to my fond hopes; I will tell him all to-morrow. What if he were to make me his wife, and then to find out, as he very likely would, about my mother. He would scorn and despise me; and anything were better than that."

"Cora! Cora! where are you?"

Her aunt's voice reached her ears. The girl started to her feet at the sound, so suddenly that she well-nigh fell into the water. She hurried down the railroad to meet her aunt, who stood near the station. The light from the window falling on her aunt's face, Cora noticed that she was pale and excited. There was an engine, a "pusher," standing near, wheezing and panting.

"Get into the engine, Cora. Here is a hat. I'll go with you."

Her aunt led the way and Cora wondering followed her into the cab. Her uncle was there, and on his saying, "All right," the engineer started the engine, and the frogs' song died away in the distance.

"Cora, I must be abrupt. It has just come up over the wires that Jim Gibbons' freight ran away down the grade and plunged off the track at the curve."

"And Ben Evans is killed?" came in a hollow sound from Cora's lips.

"No, he's hurt and wants you."

Ben was lying on the bank on some coats which the men standing around had furnished; his eyes opening and closing, his breath failing, but he knew Cora.

"Little wife," he whispered, as her arms stole about his neck, and her hot lips pressed his forehead, "that was not to be on earth, but God grant it will be in heaven."

With a great effort he raised his arms, put them about her, pressed her to him, and then all was over. She knelt long holding his hand, the moonlight and the glow of the lanterns adding to her rich beauty.

From her heart arose the words: "It was not to be on earth, but it will be in heaven. Thank God, he never knew."

And far up the railroad, in the Locust Summit swamp, the frogs sang on, but with a minor chord in their music now; as it were, a dirge.

PIE, PROGRESS AND PROMOTION.

Neither the sociologist nor the politician will dismiss as unworthy of earnest thought and subtle speculation the announcement that Secretary Cortelyou snatches a hasty luncheon of pie and half-and-half at a restaurant across the street from the treasury building. In the most plastic period of character formation he attended the Massachusetts normal school at Westfield, and applied himself diligently to books that must have reminded him that the pie eaters of New England wrought mightily in the field and followed the strenuous life. He cannot have failed to be impressed with the facts that a regiment of Marbleheaders covered the retreat from Long Island and led the crossing of the Delaware. In Marblehead they are said to eat clam pie for breakfast. Washington knew what he was about when he put a regiment of pie eaters in the van of his advance and in the rear guard in a retreat. Pie, progress and promotion all begin with P.

## WHEN HILL GOT MAD

There Were "Things Done" in the Offices He Controlled.

Ordinarily one of the quietest men in the world, he has, when unduly provoked, a temper that would blast all in his way. St. Paul still tells with glee the story of an occasion when, maddened by the persistent bad service of the Bell Telephone company there, he tore its instrument from the wall, threw it out into the backyard, and kicked it to pieces. On another occasion, when, according to his notion, things were going all wrong in the Great Northern offices, he made a "journey of improvement" that is still remembered with a shudder. He went from department to department, kicking open the doors as he traveled, and sending the unfortunate employees, from the heads of bureaus to office boys, in terrorized flight before him. One door resisted because of a desk that stood in front of it on the other side. He shattered the door into splinters, and the desk when he got through with it was a wreck.—Paul Lattyke, in Everybody's.

DEATH PREDICTIONS.

Dr. Lapponi, the pope's physician, who died December 7, 1906, was a firm believer in psychological phenomena, and held the conviction that presentiments and omens have a real basis in spiritual consciousness. For three months before he died he regarded himself as proof of the fact. He visited a patient in one of the Roman hospitals, and told the man that he would be better in a few days. "Ah," said the patient to the nurse, afterward, "the professor says that, but I know better. I shall be dead in a few days. So will you in about a month, and within three or four months the professor will follow us." The hospital patient died according to his prediction. So did the nurse, from a sudden seizure. Dr. Lapponi told the story, never doubting that he himself should confirm it—as he did. His professional friends look upon his death as to some extent the effect of autosuggestion resulting from the story.

NOW THE WEIGHT TEST.

At fashionable week-end parties it is the custom now to weigh the guests on their arrival and on their departure. There should be a gain of several pounds.

Some hosts judge their cooks' skill by the result of these weight tests. If the guests lose on a week-end visit the cook is plainly worthless. If they gain a pound or so the man must have pleased them with his concoctions. If their average gain is three or four pounds then the cook is a treasure and may be promised an advance in 1908.

The weighing custom arose at Sandringham, where the king of England superintends personally the weighing of all guests. The king boasts that he has put as much as nine pounds on a man in a week-end visit of two days.

WAYS AND MEANS.

Physician's Wife—I shall soon be wanting a new evening dress, dear.

Physician—All right, my dear. I'll look over my list and find some fellow who can afford an operation for appendicitis.

JUST LIKE THE CITY.

"Urban's new country home may be very beautiful, but I don't believe a man who has lived in the city 40 years, and more than 20 years of that time in a flat, will ever like the country. Wait till the frogs and crickets get busy some evening. He'll wish he was back in town."

"Oh, she considered all that when he built the house. He's put a bowling alley right in the center of the second floor and hired a man to roll the balls all night. The woodshed's right over his bedroom and another man chops wood till midnight. Then he has bells and gongs all over the house that ring automatically in their turn. He'll feel right at home."

HARD LINES.

Towne—He's sorry now that he quarreled with his wife.

Browne—She's gone home to her mother, I suppose.

Towne—No, she's had her mother come home to her.

## ROAD TO SUCCESS

PUBLICITY IS THE MAIL-ORDER MAN'S GREAT WEAPON.

### MERCHANTS MUST ADVERTISE

"Fight Fire with Fire" and the Dollars Now Going Cityward Will Stay in the Home Community.

The merchant who would wage successful warfare against mail-order competition should study mail-order methods. The same tactics that takes the dollar out of the community will keep it at home.

And what are mail-order methods? The keynote of it all may be found in the one word—publicity. The mail-order house advertises. It does not advertise better goods at less money than the home merchant gives, but it advertises persistently. It puts its proposition before the public constantly. It recognizes no dull season in its campaign for publicity. It never lets up.

At a gathering in Iowa some time ago a mail-order man explained some of the system followed in the campaign of publicity. According to this explanation the mail-order house seeks the line of least resistance in its search for business. Whenever they can find a town in which the merchants are not active advertisers they flood that community with their literature. When they find a town in which the furniture dealer, for example, is afraid to use printer's ink they pay particular attention to the subject of furniture. They are searching for the weakest link in the chain of home defenses.

Something of this is explained by the conditions the writer saw in a mill town in northern Wisconsin. The local paper carried practically no local advertising when the size of the town was considered, and the stores of the town were but small affairs. In talking to one of the merchants he complained that more than \$25,000 was

CHILD TURNING PURPLE.

Mary Elgirth, three years old, of New York, is turning purple. The doctor says she is suffering with a disease known as purpura hemorrhagica. The child's mother first noticed the changing color three weeks ago. While bathing the girl she detected small purple spots on various parts of the

Intelligent advertising means "slicing the bulldog power and tenacity of the local press on the competition offered the home merchant by the catalogue houses. Intelligent advertising means the employment of mail-order methods in combating the mail-order evil.

sent from that community to the Chicago mail-order houses each month. "That is easily twice the amount that is spent in all the stores in this town put together each month," he explained. "Merchandizing don't pay in such a place as this."

A few hours later the writer was talking with the publisher of the local paper, and the conversation turned to local advertising, or rather the lack of it.

"I was very much tempted to accept a proposition which I received from one of the Chicago mail-order houses a few days ago," said the publisher. "I still have the proposition here on my desk. They offer me a cash contract at my regular display rates for 1,500 inches, to be used during the year, and in addition to the cash advertising they offer me a small commission on all the new business secured in this county during the last 12 months was approximately \$8,000 per month, and I would secure a small percentage on all business done over this amount during the next 12 months."

"Have you shown that proposition to the merchants of this town?" I asked.

"I have, and it didn't move them," he replied. "They simply say it don't pay to advertise. I would jump at the offer if it were not for the fact that I cannot bring myself to the point of doing that which I know will help to kill this community."

There was an illustration of mail-order methods. The wide-awake mail-order man proposed to reap a golden harvest from the field the very much-asleep local merchant would not cultivate.

Does it pay to advertise?

The more than \$200,000,000 that finds its way to the Chicago mail-order houses each year is garnered by a campaign of advertising. You, Mr. Local Merchant, claim, and rightly, that you can sell the same goods for the same, or less money, than the mail-order houses offer, but at the same time you complain because the mail-order man gets the business.

Why do they get it? Because they advertise.

They not only advertise, but they advertise in your field, and they advertise in your field because you do

body. Alarmed, she applied home remedies, but the spots continued to spread. The child's body presents the appearance of being tattooed. Almost the entire body is covered, with the exception of the face, which thus far has not been affected. While most of the time the blotches are of a mellow purple, they occasionally change to a deep plum color or a dull red. Some blotches are as large as a penny, others are no larger than a pinhead. The disease is probably caused by a rheumatic germ.

Applied Theology.

Little Willie Trundy, of Searsport, Me., stood at the window one day, watching his grandfather mow a piece of grass near the house. After watching him a few minutes, he turned to his grandmother and asked if God was everywhere.

"Yes," said she, "God is everywhere."

"Is He here in this room?"

"Yes."

Willie pondered a moment, then—"Is He out in the field where grampy is?"

"Yes, Willie, He is everywhere."

Quick as a flash came the response. "That He'd better be careful or grampy 'll cut His leg off."

Only Believe.

Be not downcast if difficulties surround you in your heavenly life. They may be purposely placed there by God to train and discipline you for higher developments of faith. If he calls you to "tolling in rowing," it may be to make you the better seaman, and to lead you to a holier trust in Him who has the vessel and its destinies in hand, and who, amid gathering clouds and darkened horizon, and created billows, ever murmurs the mild rebuke to our misgivings: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?"—Rev. John R. Macduff.

Newspaper for Financiers.

M. Rouvier, the ex-premier and the greatest authority on political finance in France, is about to start an important daily newspaper, for which he has already raised \$600,000 out of the total capital needed, which he has fixed at \$1,400,000. This paper will be both political and financial, and will serve as the organ of the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas.

